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THE

NEWSMAN's PRESENT

TO HIS WORTHY CUSTOMERS

On the NEW YEAR 1793.

42-4-9-41

The NEWSMAN's ADDRESS.

WHAT changes happen as the world goes round!
As fluctuating Fortune! ſtill is found:
Slie, fickle goddeſs, never conſtant known,
The humble raiſes, and the great pulls down:
This, in a little ſpace, has been diſplay'd,
And fallacy has all her art array'd,
The cauſe of freedom made a vain pretence
To baniſh Reaſon, and to baniſh Senſe;
Confuſion, tumult, ſpread their wild uproar,
And havock drench'd with blood the *Gallic* ſhore.
Unhappy *France!* by lawleſs faction toſt,
We view thy once fam'd glories, gone and loſt,
Though former enemies—with gentle breaſt,
Thy emigrants here find a place of reſt;
Poor hapleſs ſubjects of a ruin'd State!
Here's peace and refuge, not revenge or hate;
Here *Freedom* reigns, as here 'tis underſtood,
And deals her bleſſings—univerſal good!
That goodneſs which is found in *George*'s mind,
To every ſubject equally inclin'd;
Nay, to the world in general a friend,
He wiſhes good to all may ſtill extend.
Hail! to the Brunſwick line, may all agree,
To make their ſubjects, as themſelves, be free;
That *Freedom* which muſt keep the world in awe,
Founded on reaſon, rectified by law!
Faction be dumb! and hide thy hydra head,
No longer round thy baleful influence ſpread;
So ſhall the arts and ſciences remain,
And all the treachery of falſe friends be vain.
No artful folly, and no vague pretence,
Deſtroy the *Rights of Man, the Rights of Senſe.*

But what have I with politics to do?
All you requeſt of me is ſomething new,
NEWS is the theme which every one enjoys,
NEWS is the thought which every mind employs,
NEWS of all ſorts the *Newſman* muſt ſupply,
Which morning, noon, and night we ſtill muſt cry:
Soon as we can your wiſhes are obey'd,
From eaſt, weſt, north, or ſouth 'tis all diſplay'd;
If ſome's not pleaſing, we are not in fault,
Should it be true it is but as it ought;
The world will different articles ſupply,
And I muſt bring it you through wet or dry;
In ſnow or hail, in lightning, or in thunder,
Each element your Newſman muſt go under,
And all his expectations at the laſt,
Is, you'll reward him for his troubles paſt.

As Chriſtmas comes with each revolving year,
You'll kindly then your bounty make appear,
While the chill blaſt he finds in ev'ry ſtreet,
As he preſumes to bring the wiſh'd for ſheet,
At New Year's tide, when all alike are free,
You in your bounty will remember me.

What e'er may happen, as *time* circles round,
Which in his travels only can be found,
O! liſten to your Newſman's honeſt pray'r,
May no diſturbance, tumult happen here,
But peace and plenty ſtill go hand in hand,
That each may taſte the bleſſings of the land.

Away, ye mutineers, who would controul
The happy bleſſings of an *Engliſh* ſoul!
A ſoul to honor, and to laws confin'd,
Yet ſtill enjoys the freedom of the mind,
A mind that's ſtill averſe to whips and chains,
But juſt regard to loyalty maintains
That government all mild, which only ſprings
From laws the beſt, and from the beſt of Kings,
Which HOPE ſtill wiſhes ever may remain,
And every effort of our foes be vain.

ODE FOR THE NEW YEAR.

COME, Muſe, again reſume the lyre,
Support the lay, the verſe inſpire
Which hails the coming year;
And while we view the old one paſt,
As time purſues his journey faſt,
What ſubject may appear.

Though France, in vaſt confuſion hurl'd,
Aſtoniſhes the frighten'd world,
And raiſes ſtrange uproar;
Europe, with arts and learning crown'd,
Surveys the deſolation round,
Which founds from ſhore to ſhore.

Though diſtant nations rouze to arms,
Wak'd by continual alarms,
May England ſtill have peace;
Her fleets, her armies, ſtill unite,
If danger calls, to boldly fight,
And bid all diſcord ceaſe.

Though faction loud may rend the ſky,
And tumult, echo-like! reply;
Yet reaſon each will quell;
Baniſh theſe monſters from the land,
And ev'ry bleſſing round expand,
The Muſe ſtill hopes to tell.

Inſidious foes may try in vain
To invade the land, or rule the main,
By fancied hopes poſſeſs'd;
And try, through every means they can,
To form ſome artificial plan
To make the iſle diſtreſs'd.

'Tis thus with Holland they proceed,
And would our treaties ſupercede,
But faith we will maintain,
Our Belgic friends we will protect,
In ſpite of all regard, reſpect,
And every art diſdain.

Still may our Government remain
Free, undiſturbed, through each reign,
And mild as George each King;
Then ſhall the peaſant happy toil,
And plenty give him cauſe to ſmile,
And happy ſhall he ſing.

Theſe are the bleſſings we enjoy,
And woe to them who would deſtroy
Such bleſſings in the State:
Whoever tries, will ſurely find,
A curſe to make his wicked mind
Tormented ſtill by fate.

Conqueſt has flouriſh'd in the Eaſt,
The tyrant *Tippoo* quite ſuppreſs'd—
Cornwallis crown'd with glory;
And territory much increas'd,
And ſlaves from ſlavery releas'd,
Will ſhine in future ſtory.

And now the humble verſe I've pen'd
I hope will prove the *Newſman's* friend,
Who only once a year
Thus does his ſimple tribute pay
For Chriſtmas, and for New-Year's Day,
Your kindneſs does not fear.

Through many a cold and dreary morn,
And many a night, he blows his horn,
Each weather he muſt face;
Soon as he can he brings the ſheet,
And hopes your kindneſs he ſhall meet
For mending of his pace.

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